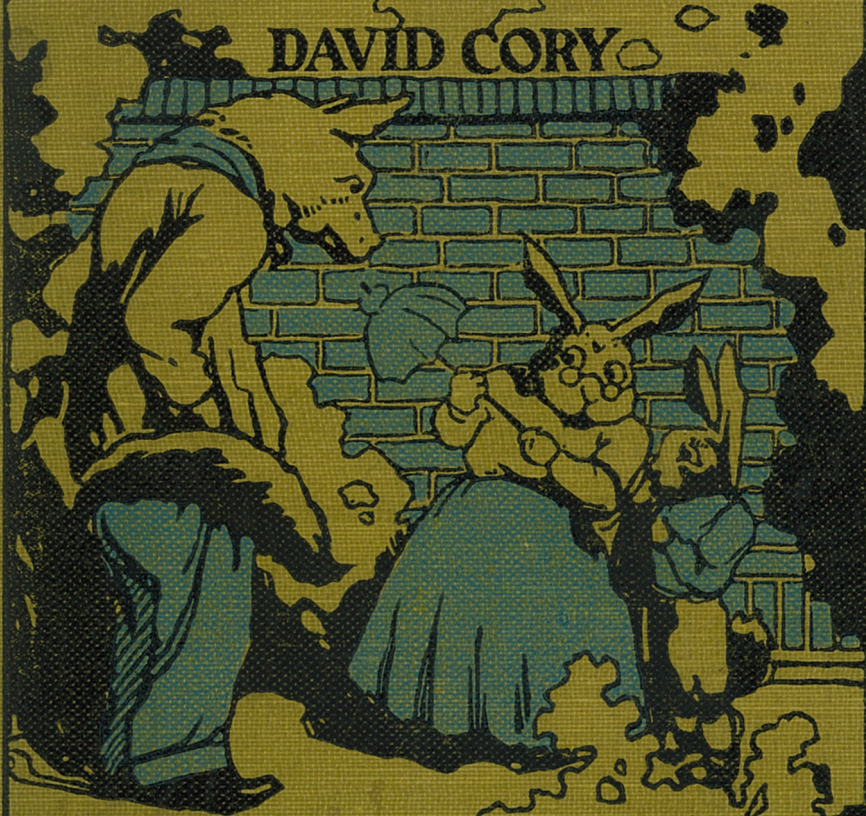
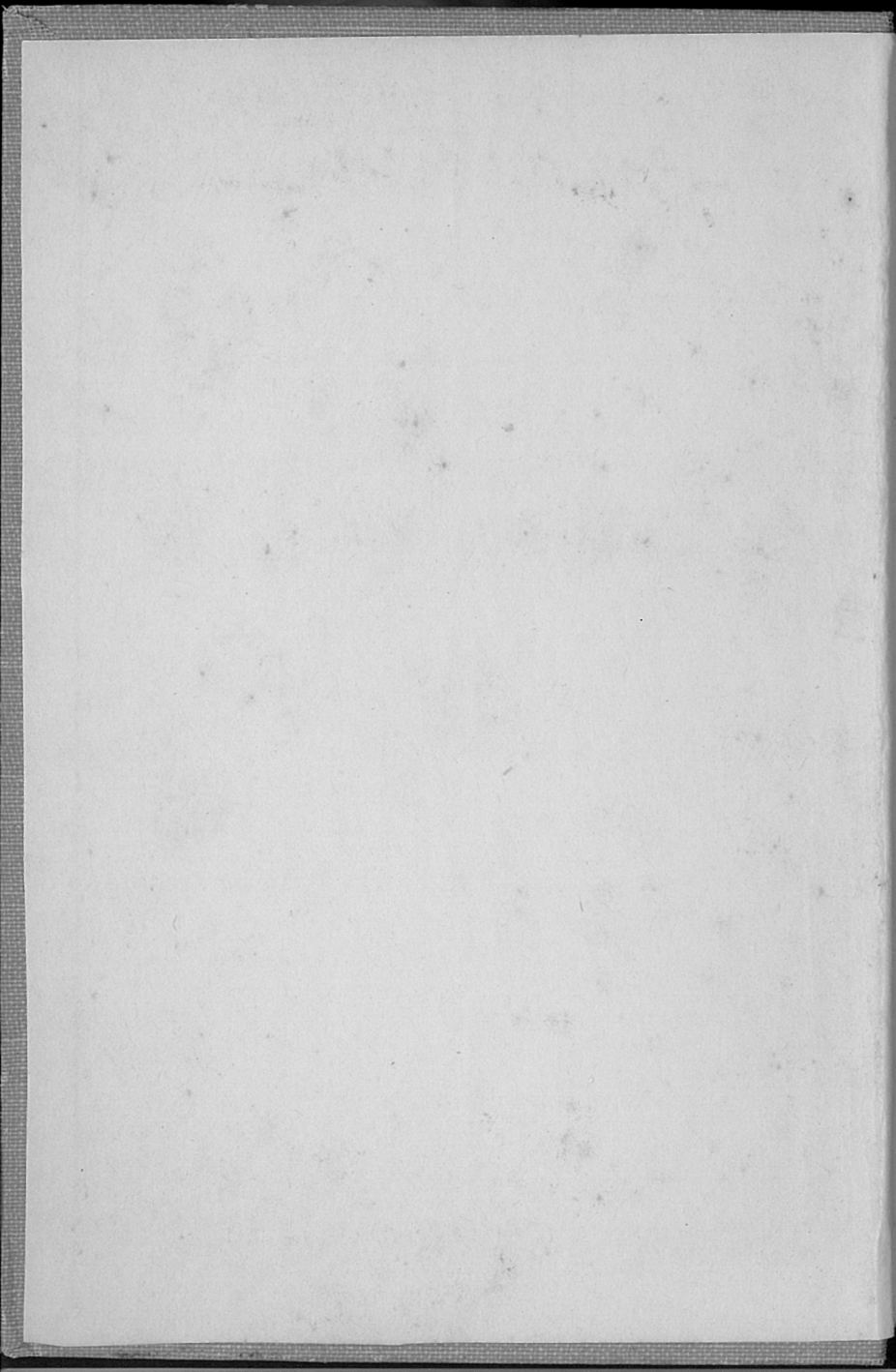


**LITTLE
JACK RABBIT
AND
MR. WICKED WOLF**

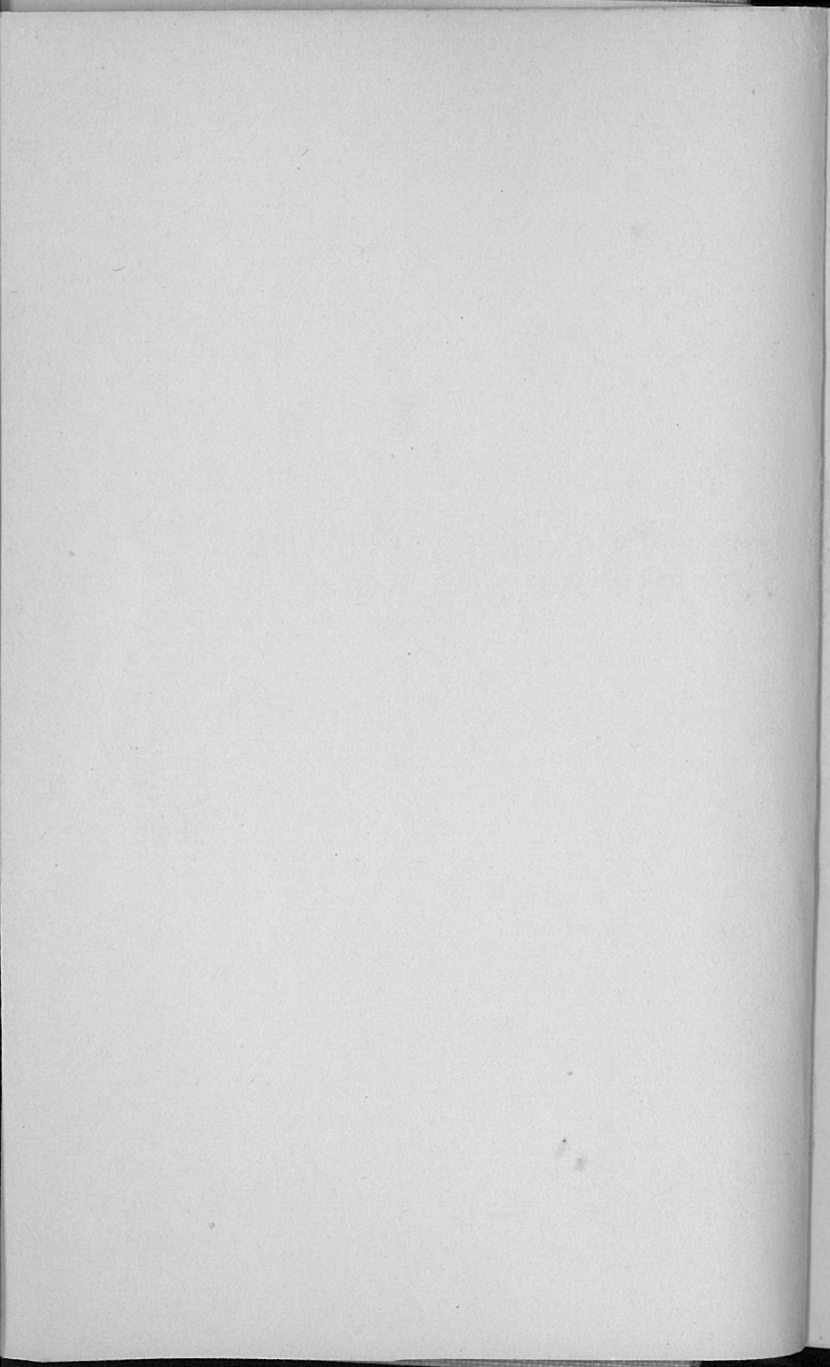
DAVID CORY



LITTLE JACK RABBIT BOOKS



Frederick



LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND
MR. WICKED WOLF

**LITTLE JACK RABBIT
BOOKS**

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BY

DAVID CORY

LITTLE JACK RABBIT'S ADVENTURES

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND DANNY FOX

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND THE SQUIRREL BROTHERS

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND CHIPPY CHIPMUNK

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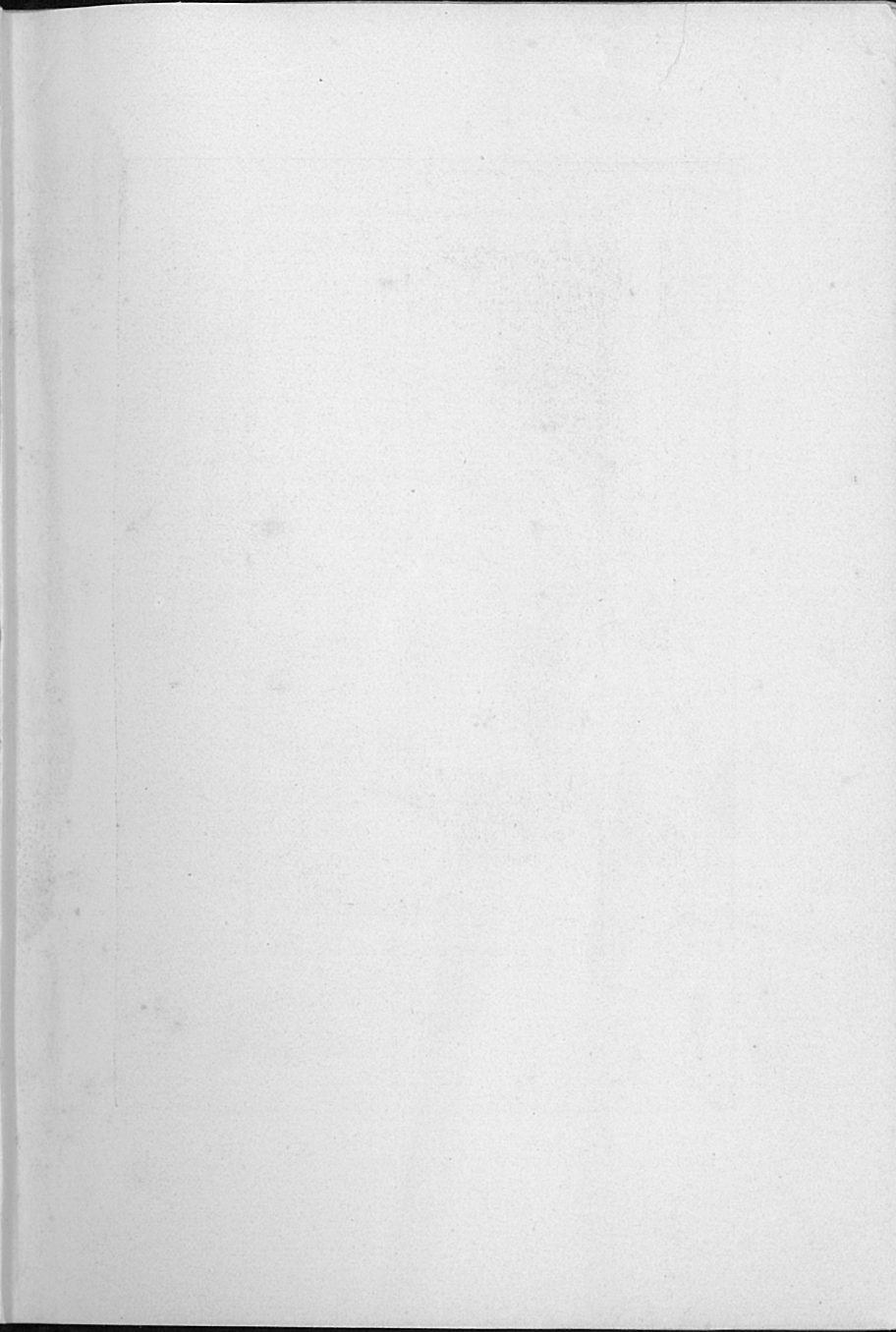
LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND UNCLE JOHN HARE

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND PROFESSOR CROW

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND OLD MAN WEASEL

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND MR. WICKED WOLF

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND HUNGRY HAWK





"Here Are Some Christmas Presents," Said the
Little Bunny.

Little Jack Rabbit and Mr. Wicked Wolf. Frontispiece—(Page 9)

LITTLE JACK RABBIT BOOKS

(Trademark Registered)

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND
MR. WICKED WOLF

BY
DAVID CORY

Author of
LITTLE JACK RABBIT BOOKS
THE ICEBERG EXPRESS
THE MAGIC SOAP-BUBBLE
THE CRUISE OF THE NOAH'S ARK
THE WIND WAGON

ILLUSTRATED BY
H. S. BARBOUR

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LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND MR. WICKED WOLF

THE LITTLE FIR TREE

The little fir tree in the wood
All through the year has been so good,
That now the winter time is here
And Xmas day so very near,
The birds have chosen it to be
A happy little Xmas tree.

“LITTLE rabbit,” said Professor Jim Crow as he opened his little Wisdom Book, “let me read you something, for this is the season of good cheer and happy hearts and Xmas stockings and cranberry tarts.” And then that wise old bird turned to page 23 and began:

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND
MR. WICKED WOLF

“When you hang up your stocking
Along the chimney place
In hope that Santa Claus will fill
Up every little space,
Oh, don't forget the beggar child
Who wanders on the street,
And looks with longing eyes upon
The window's Xmas treat.”

“Do you suppose he'd like some of my last year's toys?” asked Little Jack Rabbit.

“Of course he would,” answered Professor Jim Crow, and he smiled to himself as he shut his book, for he knew he had sowed a good seed for a kindly deed in the little rabbit's heart. And then that old black bird flew away, and Little Jack Rabbit hopped home to the Old Bramble Patch and up to his little room. And after he had looked over all his toys he packed some in a box and took them downstairs.

"Mother, I'm going to the village to see the little ragged bunny boy."

"What for?" asked Lady Love. And if you haven't guessed what, I'll tell you. He was going to give that little ragged rabbit boy the toys so that he would have a merry Xmas, too.

"Look out for Mr. Wicked Wolf," said Lady Love, and then she gave the little bunny a lollypop and kissed him good-by, and after that away he hopped, and by and by, after a while, he came to a shabby little house near Rabbitville. So he knocked on the door and pretty soon it opened and there stood the little ragged rabbit's mother.

"Here are some Xmas presents," said the little bunny. "They are my last year's best toys, but I want your little ragged rabbit to have a happy Xmas." And then he hopped

away as fast as he could, for he was afraid the rabbit lady was going to cry. And maybe she did, for sometimes people cry when they are happy, although I never heard of their laughing when they were sad.

XMAS EVE

To-morrow will be Xmas.
Oh, what a happy day,
For Santa Claus will empty all
The presents from his sleigh.
And every little girl and boy
Will have some candy and a toy.

THIS is the song the little canary bird sang in her gold cage while Little Jack Rabbit polished the front door knob and Lady Love made the stuffing for the big turkey. And just then the telephone bell rang and Uncle John Hare, the old gentleman rabbit, said, "Hello! I want to speak to Little Jack Rabbit."

"Wait a minute," said the little Black Cricket who had answered the telephone

because Lady Love was busy and Little Jack Rabbit couldn't leave the door knob all covered with wet polish, and she ran out to the front porch and said:

"Uncle John wants to speak to you on the 'phone." Well, by this time, the door knob was polished nice and dry, so the little rabbit hopped inside.

"Hello, it's me," said the little bunny, although my teacher always told me to say, "It's I," but never mind, Uncle John knew what the little rabbit meant, just the same.

"What do you want for Xmas?" asked the dear, kind, old gentleman rabbit. "Tell me a thousand things, and then you can't guess what I'm going to get."

So the little rabbit thought and thought, and by and by, after a while, and maybe a little longer, he thought of 999. But, oh

dear me, he couldn't think of just one more. Wasn't that too bad?

"Well, never mind," laughed Uncle John. "That's enough. And now I'll go down to the Three-in-one-cent Store, and to-morrow you'll see what I bought." And then he hung up the receiver and went out to the garage, hitched up the Bunnymobile, and pretty soon, not so very long, he reached the Three-in-one-cent Store in Rabbitville, on the corner of Lettuce Avenue and Popcorn Street.

"I guess I'd better go over to the bank and get some money first," thought the old gentleman rabbit. So he hopped across the street and wrote a check and then the paying teller gave him a lot of money for it—lettuce dollar bills and carrot cents and a ten-carrot gold piece, and after that he

hopped back to the Three-in-one-cent Store and went inside. And what do you suppose was the first thing he saw? Why, a lovely book all about Little Jack Rabbit. "I'll take that book," said the old gentleman bunny as quick as a twinkle. And then he bought a pair of roller skates and a pair of ice skates and a red sled and a bag of candy and a box of lead soldiers and a big red apple and a magic lantern. And a lot more things besides, but, goodness me, I haven't got room enough in this story to put them in, so we'll have to wait and call up on Christmas morning and ask him. And if you don't know his telephone it's "O, O, O, Ring Happy Bell, Old Brier Patch!"

XMAS DAY

“Merrie Xmas!” Hear the cry
From every house beneath the sky;
And every child is up so soon
That he can see the silver moon,
Who’s had not time to tell the sun
That Xmas Day has just begun.

WELL, the Old Grandfather Clock in the hall had just struck thirteen o’clock when Little Jack Rabbit woke up, and before he even jumped out of bed he called out, “Merrie Xmas, Mother.” And then, of course, Lady Love woke up, and the alarm clock couldn’t make up its mind whether it would say anything or not. But after a little while it began to sing:

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND
MR. WICKED WOLF

“Awake, awake; it’s Xmas morn,
Don’t linger in your bed;
I see a pair of roller skates,
A dandy coasting sled;
A stocking full as full can be,
And a lovely little Xmas tree.”

And then the little Black Cricket came out of her crack in the warm hearth and looked in her stocking, for she believed in Santa Claus just the same as she always did when she was a little young cricket and played hop, skip and jump in the Sunny Meadow grass.

“Hurrah! Hurrah! I’ve got everything I asked for!” shouted Little Jack Rabbit. So you see, dear, kind Uncle John Hare must have spent all his money at the Three-in-one-cent Store!

Well, by and by, after a while, they heard sleigh bells outside in the Old Bram-

ble Patch, and pretty soon Uncle John Hare jumped out of his Bunnymobile and came into the house to give Lady Love a lovely gold vanity bag and a pair of lorgnettes, a kind of lollypop eyeglass, you know.

And, oh, yes, oh, yes! I forgot to say he gave the little Black Cricket a new fur piece and the Canary Bird a bushel of bird seed. And after that every one was happy as could be. And just as they were all sitting down to their Xmas dinner a knock came at the kitchen door.

"Come in if you're not Mr. Wicked Wolf," said Uncle John Hare, and who do you suppose walked in? Why, the Yellow Dog Tramp, with a large package in his front paws.

"Merrie Xmas to you all,
And many of them, too.

I'd love to stay awhile
And have a feast with you."

"Sit right down and make yourself at home, and a Merrie Xmas to you, Mr. Yellow Dog Tramp," said the little rabbits.

"But you mustn't bark," added Lady Love, the little rabbit's mother, "the fairies might come and carry away the Xmas tree."

MR. WICKED WOLF

WELL, the Xmas tree didn't run back to the friendly forest as I feared it might in the last story. It stayed right in the little house in the Old Bramble Patch, and the night after Xmas when the little Black Cricket came out on the hearth, that dear little Xmas tree began to sing:

“Oh, I have had my heart's delight,
I've been a Xmas tree,
All hung with candles shining bright
And tinsel fair to see.
I do not miss the shady wood,
The music of the breeze,
For I have found my heart's delight
A little child to please.”

Well, in the morning Little Jack Rabbit took his skates and went down to the old

mill pond, and so did Uncle John Hare, for he could skate mighty well, let me tell you, even if he did have gray whiskers and a pink waistcoat. Why, he could do the grapevine twist and the letter S and maybe the whole alphabet, for all I know.

Well, anyway, off they went, Little Jack Rabbit and his kind Uncle John Hare, and when they came to the pond they put on their skates, and then off they went over the ice as fast as the wind, and maybe faster, and by and by, after a while, who should come by but Mr. Grouse. He had on his snowshoes which kind Mother Nature had given him.

"Ha, ha," said Uncle John Hare. "You can't go over the snow as fast as I can on the ice, my man." You see, Uncle John Hare knew how to make up poetry and had

once written some in a beautiful birthday album.

"No, but I can slide over the snow just as well as if I were on a toboggan." And maybe he would have shown Uncle John Hare just what he could do, if all of a sudden, something hadn't happened. And isn't it too bad that something always has to happen just when these two dear little rabbits are having a nice time?

And now I suppose you are wondering what did happen, so I'll tell you right away. Mr. Wicked Wolf jumped out from behind a snow drift, and said: "Ha, ha. What shall I eat first—rabbit or grouse?" Wasn't that a dreadful thing to hear? Well, I just guess it was. And then what do you think Uncle John Hare did. Why, he just picked up a piece of ice and hit that wicked old

wolf right on the end of his nose. And then, of course, Mr. Wicked Wolf had to wipe his eyes, for they were full of tears, and while he was doing that the two little rabbits skated away, and Mr. Grouse snowshoed away, and if the skates don't come off and the snowshoes, too, I'll tell you some more in a day or two.

THE THINKING CAP

OH, dear me. I just hate to start this story; for I must tell you something very unpleasant. You remember in the last one Little Jack Rabbit and Uncle John Hare were skating away as fast as they could from Mr. Wicked Wolf. But, oh, dear me. All of a sudden, just like that, Uncle John Hare's skate came off. And of course that wasn't lucky, let me tell you. Oh, my, no. It was simply dreadful. And when Mr. Wicked Wolf saw the predicament, which means a dreadful fix, you know, which the dear old gentleman rabbit was in, he kicked up his heels and pretty soon he was so close that even if Uncle John Hare could have fas-

tened on his skate again he never would have been able to get away.

“Ha ha, ho ho, now I’ve got you two,
And I’ll skate you both till you’re black and blue,
And then I’ll take you home for a stew.
For Mrs. Wolf knows how to make
A rabbit stew and a big pancake.”

And, oh, dear me again, and maybe once more, for I don’t know what’s going to happen, and maybe it will happen before I can write it, and then what will we all do, I should like to know? Maybe there won’t be any more stories.

“Wait just a minute, Mr. Wicked Wolf,” said the old gentleman rabbit, and he took out his gold watch and chain. “It’s just 13 o’clock, and that’s a very unlucky number.” Mr. Wicked Wolf scratched his head, for he didn’t know what to do, and

neither would I and neither would you if we had been there.

"I'll wait till five minutes past 13," said the wicked old wolf with a grin, which showed all his white teeth, and the gold one which Dr. Dentist Duck had put in after the railroad accident, which I'll tell you about some day if I don't forget it.

"Now put on your thinking cap," said Uncle John Hare. So Little Jack Rabbit opened his knapsack and took out a little pink worsted thinking cap and put it on his head and pretty soon, not so very long, before the five minutes were up, of course, he said:

"Mr. Wolf, if I were you
I wouldn't eat a rabbit stew;
I'd rather have a chicken pie
If I were you and you were I."

"I never thought of chicken pie," answered Mr. Wicked Wolf, and the more he thought about it the more he wanted it. So pretty soon he said:

"I'll let you off this time if you'll motor me to the Farmyard." But, oh, dear me! Those two little rabbits didn't want to do that. No, sireemam.

"Hurry up and decide," growled Mr. Wicked Wolf with a dreadful grin.

"Wait a minute if you please,
I'm so worried I shall sneeze,"

said Uncle John Hare. I guess he would have said 'most anything to gain time.

Just then, all of a sudden, who should come along but the Yellow Dog Tramp. Wasn't that lucky? So the little rabbits started off in their Bunnymobile without Mr. Wicked Wolf.

BRAVE YELLOW DOG TRAMP

NOW if the brave Yellow Dog Tramp had been a minute later perhaps and maybe the two little rabbits would have been eaten up in the last story. For just as he came along Mr. Wicked Wolf grew impatient and with a dreadful growl jumped out from behind the Bunnymobile.

And, oh, dear me. Didn't his eyes look fierce, and didn't his mouth look red and his teeth white?

And if you can think of anything worse at night than a wolf's face, please tell me, for I'd like to know if there is anything that really can scare that brave Yellow Dog Tramp.

"Stop, or I'll bite one of your rubber

tires," screamed Mr. Wicked Wolf, and he took hold with his teeth. And then what do you think that brave Yellow Dog Tramp did?

Why, he leaned out of the automobile and hit that wolf on the head with a monkey wrench, and that wolf saw three million five hundred and ninety-nine and a half stars, and then he rolled over on the snow and began to cry, and then the tire which he had bitten burst and all the air came out— Oh, dear me, now I'm saying something which isn't true, for the Bunnymobile had runners in the winter and not wheels.

So how could air come out of a steel runner? No, sir, that wasn't what happened at all. It was this way.

The old gentleman rabbit got out the air pump and blew snow all over that wolf till

he was covered with a drift as high as the Old Rail Fence and it took him all night to dig himself out.

Well, after that Uncle John Hare started off for home, but just before he reached the corner of Lettuce Avenue and Carrot Street, he came across the Policeman Dog, who, when he saw the Yellow Dog Tramp, shouted:

“Stop the car,” and this made Uncle John Hare angry, for he knew that Policeman Dog wanted to arrest the Yellow Dog Tramp. So Uncle John Hare made the Bunnymobile go so fast that the Policeman Dog’s whistle fell out of his mouth.

“That’s very kind of you,” said the Yellow Dog Tramp, and he began to bark, and just then a little deer came by.

“Can you tell me if Santa Claus is

around? I have a brother who helps pull his sleigh and I want to see him."

"I guess you're too late, my little deer," said Uncle John Hare, "Xmas is over and Santa Claus won't come again for another year. And then the little deer began to cry:

"Oh, dear, it is so long to wait
Till Xmas comes around,
What shall I do until the time
When Xmas bells will sound."

"Jump into my Bunnymobile," said kind Uncle John Hare. "You come home with us. I have a little barn right next to my garage where it's nice and warm. You shall have some hay to eat."

So the little deer jumped into the Bunnymobile and the kind old gentleman rabbit took him home, and on the next page you shall hear what happened after that.

SANTA'S REINDEER

IN the story before this I promised to tell you what happened to the little reindeer.

Well, after kind Uncle John Hare had put the Bunnymobile in the garage, he led the little reindeer into the barn and gave him some nice hay to eat, and then he closed the door so that Mr. North Wind couldn't get in, and after that the kind old gentleman bunny went into the house, with Little Jack Rabbit and the Yellow Dog Tramp who was with him, you remember, in the last story.

Pretty soon the old gentleman rabbit made the graphophone play a tune, and this is what it was:

“Meet me at the fountain when the syrups are in bloom,
And the lollypops are blushing like roses red in June,
And the fizzy soda water comes sparkling in the glass,
And the ice cream cones are dancing like fairies in the
grass.”

“Oh, dear me! I wish the good old summer time were here once more, I do, for that’s the time a Yellow Dog has something nice to do,” and the Yellow Dog Tramp sighed a great big sigh and lay down in front of the open fire and fell asleep. So Uncle John Hare blew out the electric lights and pulled down the shades and went to bed, and then he had a dream.

And then he had a nightmare, and then he woke himself up with a dreadful yell, for he thought a crocodile was just going to swallow his old wedding stovepipe hat. I suppose the crocodile thought it was a big chocolate drop.

Well, after that, the old gentleman rabbit looked at his gold watch and chain, and as it was nearly fourteen o'clock, and Mr. Merry Sun was just getting up, Uncle John Hare dressed himself and went downstairs to tell his Japanese servant to have breakfast as soon as possible, and then he went out to the barn to see how the little reindeer was getting along. And, oh, dear me! Wasn't he surprised to find three more reindeer in the barn.

"Why, where did you come from?" asked the old gentleman rabbit, and he scratched his left ear with his right hind foot, for he couldn't think how they ever got into the barn.

"We are Santa Claus's deer," they answered, "and if you'll hitch us up to your old sleigh we'll be glad to give you a ride."

So the old gentleman rabbit hitched them up to his old-fashioned sleigh, and then he put on his fur overcoat and gloves and told Little Jack Rabbit and the Yellow Dog Tramp to get in, too, and away they went to the Old Bramble Patch.

And how those beautiful reindeer did go! They tossed their long horns and threw out their heels and the bells on the sleigh made beautiful music. Well, by and by, pretty soon, not so very long, they drove up in front of the Old Bramble Patch.

The next minute Lady Love, the little rabbit's mother, hopped out of the house. And wasn't she surprised? She hadn't seen Santa Claus's reindeer for a long time, and neither have I, not since I was a little boy and stayed awake all Xmas eve night.

PHOTOGRAPHER CRANE

WELL, sir! by this time if ever a little bunny was crazy to go sleigh riding it was Little Jack Rabbit as he looked at the four reindeer hitched up to the old sleigh. And wouldn't you love to go sleigh riding behind four of Santa Claus's reindeer?

Well, I just guess you would, and so would I and so would the Czar of Russia if he hadn't lost his throne.

"Now hurry up and get on your fur overcoat," said the old gentleman rabbit, while the reindeer pawed the snow and tossed their antlers, which are their horns, you know—until the bells on the harness began chiming:

“Down from the North come the reindeer a-flying,
Silver bells tinkle as onward they go,
Faster and faster their fleet hoofs are trying
To race with the North Wind that blows o'er the
snow,
Tinkle, tink, tinkle, and crinkle, crink, crinkle,
Swift through the snowflakes they dash in a row.”

And pretty soon out came Little Jack Rabbit with his fur overcoat, and jumping into the sleigh sat down beside dear, kind Uncle John Hare.

“On, Dixon and Blixon! On, Bullet and Arrow!” cried the old gentleman rabbit, and away went the reindeer, while Lady Love waved her calico apron from the window and smiled to see how happy was her little bunny boy.

Well, after a while, or maybe a mile, Little Jack Rabbit said:

"Let's go down to the photographer and have our picture taken."

"All right," said Uncle John Hare, and the Yellow Dog Tramp said he'd never had his picture taken in his life and would be tickled to death to have one to send home to his old mother who lived in New Hampshire and hadn't heard from him since he'd left home.

Well, when they came to the picture place the photographer, who was a long-legged crane—as I told you once upon a time some fifty stories ago, or maybe more—came out of his little picture gallery.

And, oh, my! he shivered so that he almost spoiled the picture, for he had to bring his camera outside because the four reindeer and the sleigh and the two little rabbits and

the Yellow Dog Tramp couldn't get into his little shop.

You see, the crane didn't have any stockings on and his great long legs got dreadfully cold.

"Now, look pleasant, if you please,
Excuse me while I take a sneeze!"

and Photographer Crane almost sneezed his head off, as he stood on one leg and pulled the other one out of the snow way up under his feathers. Then he sneezed again.

But, by and by, the pictures were taken, and Uncle John Hare paid for them all, and the Yellow Dog Tramp took his over to the Postoffice and sent it to his mother, way up in New Hampshire, and on the back he wrote:

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND
MR. WICKED WOLF

39

“Oftentimes I’m thinking,
Mother dear, of you,
Some day when I’ve made my pile
I’ll come home in grand old style,
So be patient just a while,
Keep for me your same old smile,
Mother dear, won’t you?”

I guess when that hobo dog’s mother received his picture she smiled,—or maybe she cried, for sometimes we cry when a happy sadness comes into our heart.

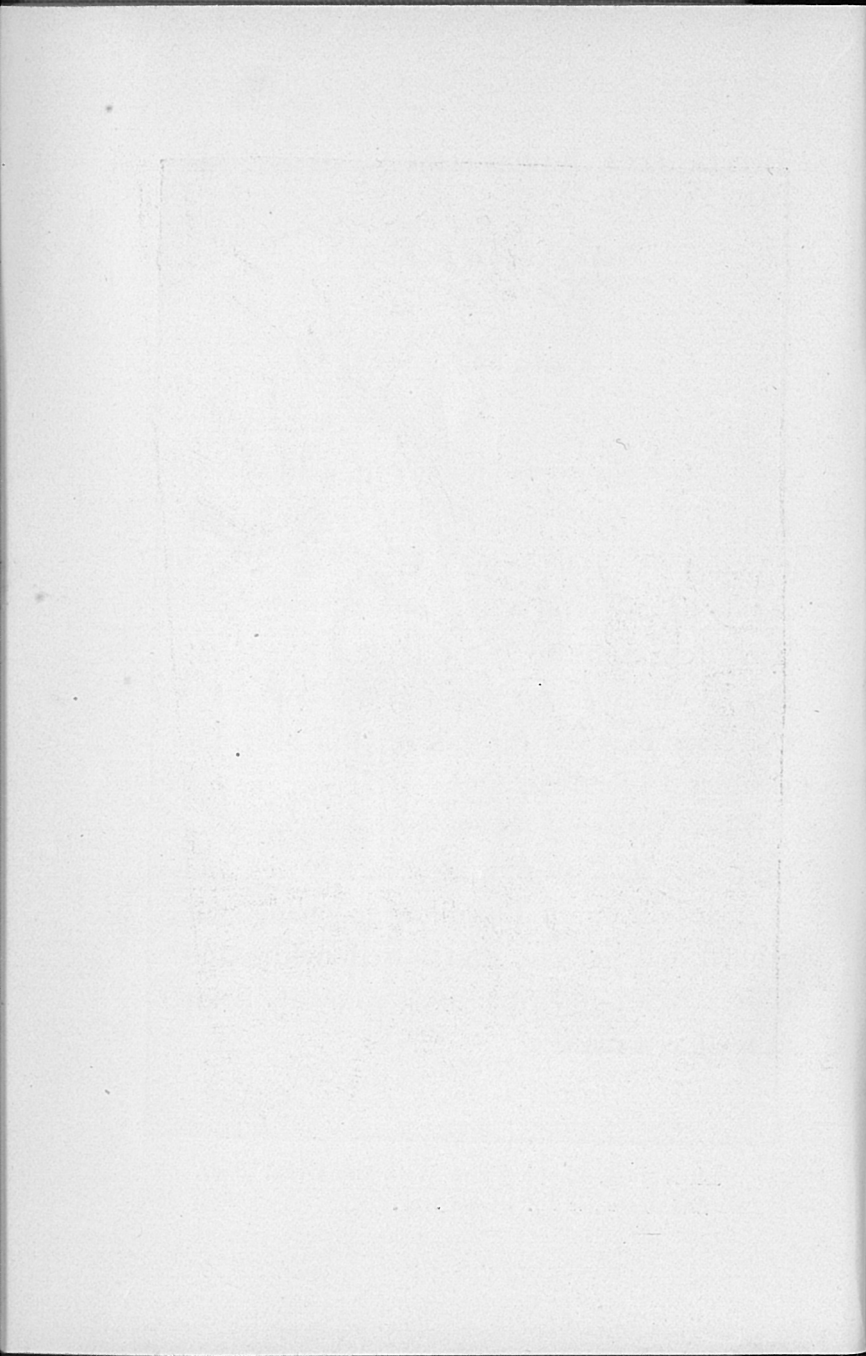
THE MILKY WAY

NOW let me see where we left off in the last story. Sometimes I get all mixed up, and perhaps I'd never get things right if I hadn't made a book out of these stories, so that I can look back and see whether it was Uncle John Hare or the Big Brown Bear, or the Yellow Dog Tramp, or Aunt Columbia who had to stop doing something because I didn't have any more room.

Well, here we are. The Yellow Dog Tramp had just posted his photograph to his dear old mother way up in New Hampshire, and after he had thanked the post-office lady, who was an old maid duck, he jumped into the sleigh and said:



Little Jack Shook Paws With the Great Bear.
Little Jack Rabbit and Mr. Wicked Wolf. Page 45



“Hurry on, you Reindeer,
Make the snowflakes fly,
Faster, faster, faster,
Don't you balk or shy!”

And then you should have seen how those Reindeer went. Well, sir, they went so fast that pretty soon their feet hardly touched the earth, and then they didn't touch at all, and then, oh, me, oh, my! They rose right up in the air just like a low sailing rocket, over the treetops and over the steeples, over the houses and over the peoples. Goodness me!

There goes my typewriter again making up poetry and not putting it into verses, and if it does it again I'm going to change the ribbon and get one that is red, white and blue. My typewriter must show its color as well as a man!

Well, pretty soon, the old gentleman rabbit began to get uneasy, for he wasn't used to sailing through the sky in a sleigh drawn by reindeer. "What do you think's going to happen!" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, don't worry, Uncle John," answered the little rabbit. "I've often seen pictures of Santa Claus riding through the air in his sleigh."

And this quite comforted the old gentleman bunny, you know, and he began to smile and the Yellow Dog Tramp barked two times and a half, and after that they came to a snowy road right in the sky.

And the hoofs of the Reindeer made a lovely tinkling noise as they beat on the silvery frozen path. But of course the little rabbits didn't know they were sliding over the Milky Way.

No, indeed. And they didn't know it was all frozen over, either, and neither would I have known this if a little snowbird hadn't told me.

Well, after a while, they came to a place where the Great Bear and the Little Bear lived. It was way up in the Star Country, you see, and of course it was all very strange.

But the Reindeer seemed to know the way, and so Uncle John Hare just let them go. And then the Great Bear, who sat on a piece of ice that had five sharp points just like a star, said:

"Mr. John Hare, I'm glad to see you."
And then the Little Bear, who also sat on a five-pointed piece of ice, said: "I'm glad to see you, Little Jack Rabbit!"

And then the Reindeer stopped, for they

had been going around and around the two bears all the time, you know, and the two little rabbits hopped out of the sleigh, and into the next story.

Up in the sky
Ever so high
The snowflakes crinkle and winkle,
And the Moon Man winks
With a couple of blinks,
And the little stars tinkle, tinkle.

HOME AGAIN

WELL, as soon as the two little rabbits had hopped out of the sleigh, the Great Bear stretched out his paw and shook hands with Uncle John Hare and the Little Bear shook paws with Little Jack Rabbit, and while all this was going on, the Reindeer suddenly started off.

“Goodness gracious meebus!” exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit, “there goes my team of Reindeer! How are we ever going to get home?”

Now wasn't that a dreadful fix to be in? Well, I should say it was. Way up in a Sky Country, in Star Land, making a call on the Great Bear and the Little Bear!

And no way to get home unless you slid down a moonbeam, and that's a very dangerous thing to do unless you're a fairy and know all about it. But don't get worried, for I'm going to tell you something.

As soon as the Yellow Dog Tramp, who hadn't jumped out of the sleigh, you remember, saw what was happening, he grabbed up the reins and turned those Reindeer around as quick as a wink, and pretty soon he drove them back to the five-pointed pieces of ice where the two little rabbits and the Great Bear and the Little Bear were sitting.

"Come on!" said the Yellow Dog Tramp. "Let's get home before the Dog Star catches us!" And away went the Reindeer down the silver Milky Way and pretty soon they were all safely riding over the snow through

the Shady Forest toward Uncle John Hare's house.

"Now we'll have to go back to the North Pole," said the Reindeer after they had drawn the sleigh into the barn.

"I'm sorry to hear that," said the old gentleman rabbit; "I like sleigh riding. But of course, if you must go, you know best," and then the reindeer said good-by and went away to the cold north country where Santa Claus lives and the Xmas trees grow.

And then the Yellow Dog Tramp said he was going back to New Hampshire to see his dear old mother.

"Take this ten-carrot gold piece to her," said dear, kind, generous Uncle John Hare, and that Tramp Dog almost cried with joy and away he went back to the old homestead in the Green Mountains.

Well, by this time it was pretty late and Mr. Merry Sun had disappeared over the Western Hills, so the two little rabbits went into the house and Uncle John Hare hung up his great fur overcoat and put on his slippers and sat down before the fire to warm his paws, and while he sat there a little cricket came out of a crack in the floor and began to sing:

"I'm the cricket on the hearth,
Listen while I sing,
Though it's cold and bleak outdoors,
And Jack Frost will nip your paws
Round the hearth it's warm and bright
In the fire's golden light."

And when that little cricket looked up she saw Uncle John Hare fast asleep and Little Jack Rabbit, too, for they were tired out with their long, long sleigh ride.

RESOLUTIONS

NOW, let me see. We left Little Jack Rabbit in Uncle John Hare's house in the last story, didn't we? And Uncle John had just brought out a nice apple pie, and the three little grasshoppers and the tiny black cricket had helped the dear old gentleman rabbit eat it up. Well, after a while, Little Jack Rabbit said he must be going, for he wanted to get back to the Old Bramble Patch before New Year's Eve. So he said good-by and hopped away, and by and by, not so very far, he saw Professor Jim Crow with his little Wisdom Book.

"Wait a minute, little rabbit. Have you thought about the New Year?"

"Oh, yes," answered Little Jack Rabbit.
"I've thought a lot about it."

"Let me read you something," said the wise old professor and then he opened his little Wisdom Book, but first, of course, he put on his spectacles.

"You must make a res-o-lu-tion—
Which means a promise to yourself—
That you will be a rabbit
Who will drop a naughty habit,
And do to other people what you would do for self."

And then Professor Jim Crow closed his book with a bang and flew away to read a lesson on good manners to a naughty little cat who wore her mother's hat.

Well, after that, the little rabbit hopped along and by and by he came in sight of the Old Rail Fence, and through the rails he

could see the Old Bramble Patch and his mother hanging out the wash, for it was Monday, and Lady Love washed on Monday, and ironed on Tuesday, and sometimes on Wednesday if Little Jack Rabbit wore more than one shirtwaist a day.

And just then he thought of what the old crow had just read to him: "Let me hand you the clothespins, mother dear, so you won't have to stoop down and wrinkle your ear." And this made the kind lady rabbit laugh, for she didn't know that her little bunny son could make up poetry, just like that, all of a sudden, you know.

Well, pretty soon there was only one clothespin left and two stockings, so he ran into the woodshed and got another clothespin for his mother, and after that they both

went into the kitchen, for it was almost lunch time.

“It’s half-past one, and the cake is done,
And the prunes are stirred to a turn;
So don’t let us wait, but fill up each plate,
Or I’m afraid the sliced carrot will burn.”

And, goodness gracious me! When Lady Love heard that she looked all around to see who was telling her what to do. But she didn’t see anybody, and neither did the little rabbit until he looked up at the new clock which Uncle John Hare had given his mother for Xmas and then the little bunny knew who was talking, for just inside the Cuckoo Clock House door stood the little bird who told the time of day.

Pretty soon it began to storm, and Mr. North Wind blew great clouds of snow around the little house in the Old Bramble

Patch. And sometimes he whistled down the chimney till the little cricket in the woodbox shivered and wished it were Summer Time again.

Oh, Mr. North Wind blows so shrill,
Across the meadow from the hill
That little rabbits cuddle tight
Around the hearthstone, warm and bright,
Where now and then the cricket trills
Of lovely spring and daffodils.

LONELY TIMES

The old farm pump is frozen tight,
It must have happened in the night
When Mr. North Wind fierce and chill,
Came blowing down the big high hill.

GOODNESS me! When the kind-hearted farmer got up in the morning after Cocky Doodles had sung his cock-a-doodle-do song and went out to pump some water, he couldn't get any. No, siree. There was a big icicle hanging from the pump spout, and the water wouldn't come out. So he cracked off the icicle and went back into the kitchen for a pail of hot water to pour down the old pump, and after that the water came out of the spout and Mrs. Cow got a

drink of water, although she had to wait until the clock struck half-past eight.

And, oh, dear me! It was just as cold over at the Old Bramble Patch and Lady Love had a dreadful time getting breakfast, for Mr. North Wind kept blowing down the chimney and sending the ashes all over the floor, and this made Lady Love dreadfully nervous, for she always liked to have her kitchen spick and span and cook her food on the Hoover plan.

Well, after breakfast was over, Little Jack Rabbit hopped out doors, for he wasn't afraid of the cold. Oh, my, no. His little white fur overcoat kept him as warm as toast. And just as he was going to hop along the little path he saw Charlie Chickadee and Jimmy Junko flying here and there in the Old Bramble Patch.

"You don't mind if we eat up the old dried berries, do you?" asked the little Chickadee, "for there isn't much to find when the ground is covered with snow."

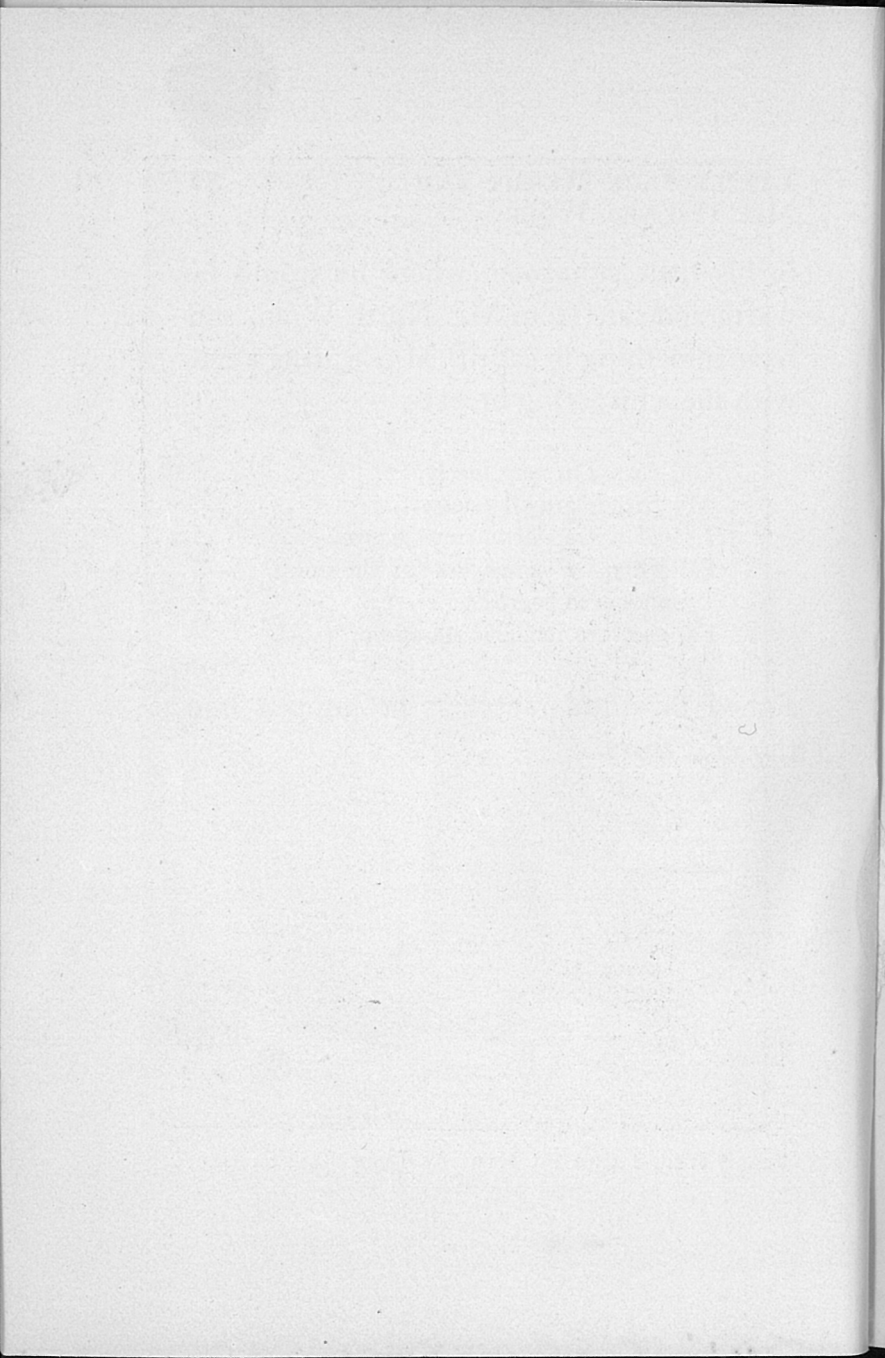
"Eat all you wish," answered the little rabbit, and then these two little winter birds stuffed their pockets full of dried berries to take home, and when they could find no more they flew out on the Sunny Meadow where the fluffy grass stalks stood out above the snow, and picked off the little grass seeds, and after that they flew away. So the little rabbit hopped along and by and by, after a while, he came to the old chestnut tree where Chippy Chipmunk lived in the summer time in a hole under the spreading roots. But Chippy was nowhere to be seen. Oh, my, no. All during the fall he had been busy storing away nuts and grain



“Well, I Can Sit Here As Long As You Can,”
Said Mr. Wicked Wolf.

Little Jack Rabbit and Mr. Wicked Wolf.

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in his little storeroom where he would be warm and safe from Mr. North Wind, and have something to eat till Miss Spring came with the whispering breezes.

“Oh, dear, I’m very lonely,
My friends are all asleep.
In hollow trees or burrows warm
Safe from the snowflakes and the storm,
I cannot even hear them creep,
For they are snuggled up asleep,”

sighed the little rabbit as he hopped into the next story.

THE BUNNYSNOWBILE

WELL, just as Little Jack Rabbit hopped into this story, Uncle John Hare, who was all alone in his little white house, gave a lonely sigh, and, as soon as he had finished breakfast, he hopped out over the snow to his garage to get his Bunnysnowbile. Dear me! I forgot to mention that he had fastened on runners in place of the four wheels and now had a wonderful auto-sleighbile or something just as good as a bobsled going down hills.

It didn't take him long to find Little Jack Rabbit and very soon they were gliding along as nicely as you please. The Bunny-snowbile behaved very well. You see, it was such a short time after Xmas that it

hadn't grown tired of looking at the Xmas presents, like a good many little girls and boys I know, and so it slid along over the snow and didn't try to climb up any telegraph poles, and this made Uncle John Hare feel very pleasant, so he began to sing:

“The glad New Year has come and so
We'll try until next year
To be as good as we can be
And help our friends to cheer.”

But, oh, dear me! Just then, all of a sudden, just like that, out popped Mr. Wicked Wolf I've so often told you about. And oh, dear me! again. Didn't he look fierce? His collar was turned up and his mouth was wide open, and his long, white teeth looked so cruel that Uncle John Hare shut his eyes, and then, I hate to tell it, the Bunnysnowbile ran right into a big tree

and turned over three times and a half, and it might have turned over once more if it hadn't landed right up against an old hollow stump.

Which you'll soon see was mighty lucky for the two little rabbits. For when Mr. Wicked Wolf saw them sprawling over the snow he jumped as quick as a wink and maybe he would have caught dear, kind Uncle John Hare if that old gentleman rabbit hadn't hopped inside that stump.

And before he was inside Little Jack Rabbit was, too, so that all Mr. Wicked Wolf could do was to sit outside and wait for them to come out. But they didn't. No, sireemam, and no, sireemister. They knew better than that, and so would I if I didn't have a gun and a pistol and maybe a big long knife.

"Well, I can sit here as long as you can," said that dreadful wolf, and he licked his lips with his long red tongue and grinned, oh, a dreadful kind of a grin.

"Very well, then," replied Uncle John Hare. "If you want to sit in the cold snow, do so," and then the old gentleman rabbit took off his old wedding stovepipe hat and blocked up the hole in the hollow stump so that the wolf couldn't see what was going on inside, you know. And then the old gentleman rabbit looked around to see if there was any way to get out.

Well, by and by, after a while, Little Jack Rabbit found a small hole in the back of the stump, and taking his pickaxe out of his knapsack, set to work to dig a hole big enough to squeeze through. into the next story.

THE OLD WEDDING STOVEPIPE HAT

YOU remember where we left off in the last story, I hope. But in case you don't, I'll tell you. Little Jack Rabbit and dear, kind Uncle John Hare were hiding in a hollow stump and Mr. Wicked Wolf was sitting outside waiting to eat them up. But he won't if I can help it. No, sireebus! Not if I have to call up the Policeman Dog to help these two little rabbits.

Well, after a while, Little Jack Rabbit made a hole in the back of the stump through which he and the old gentleman rabbit could just squeeze.

But before they did, the little rabbit put his pickaxe back in his knapsack, because

he might have to use it some time again, and one doesn't find pickaxes lying around loose, let me tell you.

Not in these days when iron costs almost as much as sugar and sugar costs more than diamonds, and diamonds—well, I don't know what they cost, for I never wear any.

"Oh, dear! I hate to leave my old wedding stovepipe hat in that hole," said dear, kind Uncle John Hare, which you remember he had stuffed up with his old silk hat to keep Mr. Wicked Wolf from looking in.

"We'll make a snowball and put it there instead," said Little Jack Rabbit, and when that was done, they both hopped quietly out of the back door. But, oh, dear me. After they were once out, they were afraid to go any further, for Mr. Wicked Wolf would surely see them.

So they hopped inside and closed up the back hole with the old wedding stovepipe hat, and then they didn't know what to do. And neither do I, so I hope somebody will help those two poor little rabbits.

Well, after a while, along came Danny Fox. So Mr. Wicked Wolf said to him: "You go around to the back of the stump and see if you can find out anything, and I'll stay here."

Then Danny Fox crept around and as soon as he saw Uncle John Hare's old wedding stovepipe hat in the hole he knew who was inside. You bet he did, even if he hadn't smelt rabbit or seen little rabbit footprints in the snow.

And then, pretty soon, Mr. Wicked Wolf pushed in the snowball and then he pushed his head inside. But when he tried to pull

it out, his head, you know, not the snowball, he couldn't. No, sireemam.

His head was stuck fast. But it isn't very pleasant to have a big wolf's head inside a hollow stump when there's hardly room enough for you, let me say, and of course the two little rabbits were almost scared to death.

And when Danny Fox saw what was the matter, he laughed so hard that he rolled over and over on the snow and the first thing he knew he rolled right down the hill.

Quick as a minute Uncle John Hare put on his hat and he and Little Jack Rabbit hopped away as fast as they could, and even faster, and pretty soon they came to the Old Bramble Patch, where Lady Love, the little bunny's mother, stood waiting for them.

THE POLICEMAN DOG

Now, I hated to end my last story without telling you what happened to the Bunny-snowbile which the little rabbits left upside down beside the old hollow stump where Mr. Wicked Wolf was caught fast, you remember.

But you see I didn't have room, and where one doesn't have room one must leave a lot of things to the im-ag-in-ation, which means "make-believe," you know.

Well, at about 14 o'clock that very night Uncle John Hare heard the big bell on the Bunnysnowbile ringing like everything. So he pushed up the window and stuck out his head, and asked:

"Is that my dear old snowbile?"

"It certainly is," said a voice, and then the lamps on the Bunnysnowbile grew so bright that the old gentleman rabbit could see who was sitting on the seat. And who do you think it was?

You can have three guesses and another one if you guess right. It was the Policeman Dog. Yes, sir! There he sat as fine as you please, with his club on his lap and his big silver badge on his coat.

"It's very kind of you to bring back my Bunnysnowbile," said Uncle John Hare, and then he pulled his head in and went down stairs and showed the Policeman Dog how to put the snow car into the stable without waking up the Weathercock, who wasn't asleep, anyway, but just minded his own business like a well-behaved iron rooster.

And then Lady Love opened the kitchen

door and asked the Policeman Dog to come in and have a hot cup of carrot tea, and after a while he said good-by and went home to his wife and seventeen children.

By and by the little rabbit said to his kind Uncle: "Let's go out on the Sunny Meadow and dance in the moonlight."

But the old gentleman rabbit said no. He had a slight touch of rheumatism in his left hind toe and wasn't going to take any chances. No, sireemam.

He wasn't going to have plumbago, ammonia or anything else just for the sake of dancing, and I don't blame him either.

So everybody went to bed, and when Mr. Merry Sun woke up the next morning he had a hard time waking up Mr. John Hare, for the old gentleman rabbit was so sound asleep that if Lady Love hadn't rung the

breakfast bell right over his head he might have slept on until to-morrow's story.

Well, after breakfast, as Little Jack Rabbit looked over the paper, what do you suppose he saw? Why, a notice that Mr. Wicked Wolf had been found with his head caught in an old hollow stump and that Old Man Weasel had gone home to get his axe.

But when he had come back, Mr. Wicked Wolf had already pulled the stump right out of the ground and had gone home with it on his head and it had taken his wife two hours and eighty-five minutes to get it off.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Lady Love. "Did you ever hear of such a thing!" And then she opened the kitchen door and peeked out. But she closed it mighty quickly, for she didn't wish Uncle John Hare to catch cold in his left hind toe.

THE OLD HOLLOW STUMP

OH, dear me, how Mr. North Wind did blow! He rocked Mrs. Oriole's nest that hung from the willow tree by the Old Duck Pond back and forth till Little Jack Rabbit thought it would come off and drop to the ground. But it didn't, for Mrs. Oriole knew how to knit, let me tell you, and her stocking-like nest clung to the old willow tree like a thrift stamp when you try to get it off to buy something you forgot to get before the war began!

"Well, I guess I'll let it alone," said Mr. North Wind; "maybe Mrs. Oriole will want to use it next spring. Perhaps she used up all her wool making sweaters for the boys over there."

"When do you go back north?" asked the little rabbit, for he was thinking of the dear old summer time, when Granddaddy Bullfrog sat on his log and caught flies and the darning-needles skimmed over the water.

"Oh, pretty soon, not so very long," said Mr. North Wind. "When Miss Spring and her little Balmy Breezes come tripping over the Sunny Meadow, I'll say good-by!" And then he whistled:

"I'm a husky old wind, I am,
I could blow the shell off a clam,
I shake the shutters and bang the doors,
And curl the nails on the pussy cat's paws."

And then that boisterous old wind went into the Shady Forest and broke a dead limb off the old chestnut tree and nearly hit Squirrel Nutcracker, who had come out of his hole for a few minutes to stretch his legs.

Well, after that, the little rabbit hopped along, clipperty-lipperty, and by and by he saw Mr. Wicked Wolf. Oh, dear me. Wasn't that dreadful, for who wants to meet a wolf even if his first name isn't wicked?

"Hello, little bunny. I haven't seen you since the last time."

"I wish you still had your head in the Hollow Stump," shivered Little Jack Rabbit, and then he wiggled his little pink nose so fast that Mr. Wicked Wolf had to shut his eyes for fear he'd get dizzy.

"Stop that," he shouted. "My head is going around and around and I can't keep my feet in one place on the ground."

"I can't either," said the little rabbit, "I'm so frightened." And before that dreadful wolf opened his eyes, Little Jack Rabbit hopped into an old hollow stump.

Well, pretty soon, Mr. Wicked Wolf opened one eye, just a little bit, you know, and then he opened the other eye a little bit, but he couldn't see the little rabbit anywhere, so he opened both his eyes, blink, blink, just like that.

"Where are you?" he asked, and he jumped over to the hollow stump, following the little rabbit's footprints in the snow, you see. But when he looked down into the hollow stump there wasn't any little white shivering bunny there. No, Sireemam and No, Sireebus and No, Siree, Mr. Prohibition Man.

MR. MINER MOLE

NOW, I suppose you've been wondering what had become of Little Jack Rabbit after hopping into the old hollow stump to get away from Mr. Wicked Wolf. Well, you haven't wondered nearly as much as that old wicked wolf has, let me tell you. Why, he was so puzzled that he sat down and took an Almanac out of his pocket and read it all through, but even then he didn't know anything.

"Goodness me, where has that little bunny gone?" he said, and then he jumped right into the old hollow stump, head first, kerplump, just like that. Down, down he went, until all of a sudden he landed somewhere he didn't just know where.

When, all of a sudden again, a voice said:

“You robber bold, how can you dare
To jump down here from way up there?”

“I beg your pardon,” said Mr. Wicked Wolf, and he fixed his cravat, which was all loose and not tied in a nice little knot, “I’m sorry to trouble you. But the fact is I was anxious about a little rabbit who jumped in here a moment ago. Have you seen him? I can’t see you, but maybe you saw him.”

“I’ll let you see me pretty soon,” said the voice, and then Mr. Wicked Wolf began to get afraid. At first, you see, he wasn’t scared a bit, but when he heard the voice say that, he began to tremble and wobble, and his long bushy tail to droop on the ground.

"Let me out; please do," he said. "I'll never trouble you again."

"Very well, then, cross your heart and repeat after me:

"I never break my promise,
For fear I'll break my heart,
So I'll give you my honest word,
And then we'll kindly part,"

said the voice, and when Mr. Wicked Wolf had done that, the voice said:

"Now turn to your right and you'll see a little ladder." And sure enough there was a little ladder running right up the inside of the old hollow stump. And goodness me! As soon as Mr. Wicked Wolf saw the ladder he went up it faster than a brick-layer with a hod of bricks on his back, and in less time than I can tell you, he was out on the Sunny Meadow and off for his home

in the Shady Forest, for he lived, you remember, not so very far from the Big Brown Bear's cave.

And now I suppose you are still wondering where little Jack Rabbit was, but I had to get rid of that dreadful wolf first before I could tell you. Well, as soon as Mr. Wicked Wolf was out of the stump, which was very dark inside, you know, somebody turned on an electric light way down at the bottom. And who do you suppose it was? Why, Mr. Miner Mole. It was he who had been talking to Mr. Wicked Wolf all the time, and now on the next page you shall hear about Little Jack Rabbit.

PRECIOUS STONES

WELL, as soon as Mr. Miner Mole turned on the electric light in his cap, he said:

"Little Jack Rabbit, you can come out now, for Mr. Wicked Wolf has gone."

At once the little bunny hopped out of a door, and now you know where he had been hiding. I declare, it has taken me almost three stories to tell you, but I've been busy explaining what Mr. Wolf did and after that what Mr. Miner Mole said.

"I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't taken care of me," said Little Jack Rabbit.

"Oh, don't mention it," said the kind mole. "I'm glad you came down into my

mine. I've had luck lately. I'll give you a couple of diamonds and three rubies. You can make your kind Uncle John Hare a present of one or three, if you wish."

And then that generous mole gave these beautiful precious stones to the little bunny, and showed him how to climb the ladder.

"I wish I had a little cap like yours with an electric candle in it," said the rabbit. "I'd wear it at night and have lots of fun." But the mole wouldn't give him his lamp. I guess he thought more of it than he did of his diamonds and rubies.

Well, pretty soon, the little bunny said good-by and climbed up the ladder, and when he got to the top he just peeped over the rim of the old hollow stump, for he thought perhaps Mr. Wicked Wolf might

be hanging around, but he wasn't, so he hopped away, clipperty-clipperty, and by and by he thought of something.

"Gracious me! I almost forgot that I had two diamonds and three rubies." So he opened his knapsack to make sure. And now I suppose you are saying to yourself, "That poor dear little rabbit has gone and lost his precious stones!" But he hadn't. There they were as safe as safe could be in his knapsack, right alongside of a piece of apple pie and a lollypop!

"I might as well eat my lunch now," he thought, so he sat down, and pretty soon the apple pie was gone and the lollypop, too. And then, all of a sudden, a little bird began to sing. It was Charlie Chickadee but the little rabbit didn't know it at first:

"A nice little rabbit went down in a hole
To see an old miner whose name was Mole,
Who wore a cap with a 'lectric light.
For his mine was dark as a closet at night.
Now why did that rabbit go down in that hole
To see the old miner, Mr. Mole?"

And then Charlie Chickadee flew down to the ground and picked up some apple pie crumbs which the little rabbit had dropped when he bit off the next to the last piece of crust.

"I'll give you three guesses," said the little bunny. And in the next story you shall hear whether Charlie Chickadee guessed right the first or the third time.

THREE GUESSES

NOW, let me see. Oh, yes, I remember now where we left off. It was just when Little Jack Rabbit gave Charlie Chickadee three guesses. Yes, sir, that's where we left off. The little chickadee had only three guesses to find out why Little Jack Rabbit had gone down the Hollow Tree Stump Mine to see the old miner, Mr. Mole.

"Are you ready?" asked the little bunny.

"Yes," answered the little chickadee, "you went to get some gold!"

"No, I didn't," answered the little rabbit.

"Then you went to get some silver."

"No, I didn't," replied the little bunny.

"Oh, dear me," said Charlie Chickadee.

"I've only one guess left, and I'm sure Mr. Mole hasn't got a coal mine," and then the little bird cocked his head on one side and looked out of the corner of his left eye to see if he had guessed it a little bit. But Little Jack Rabbit didn't pay any attention—he just took out the two big diamonds and the three immense big rubies and looked at them carefully. At once Charlie Chickadee hopped up and down, and fluttered his wings, and shouted, "I know, I know! Ha, ha ha, ha! you went to get diamonds and rubies!"

"No, I didn't," said Little Jack Rabbit, and he strapped up his knapsack and started off for Uncle John Hare's house, for he wanted to give his kind Uncle a ruby, you know, and maybe a diamond.

"Goodness me, why did you go, then?"

asked Charlie Chickadee. "Everybody around here knows how dangerous that Hollow Tree Stump Mine is."

"Because Mr. Wicked Wolf was so close to me I had nowhere to go," answered Little Jack Rabbit, and then he told the little bird all that had happened. "And now I'm off to see Uncle John Hare." And the little bunny shouldered his knapsack.

Well, after a while he came to Carrot Square in Turnip City, U. S. A., so he went along for maybe three hundred and ninety-five and a half hops till he came to Cabbage Avenue, where on the corner stood a little white house.

"Oh, here I am, how glad I am," sang the little rabbit, and just then Uncle John himself opened the front door, and when he saw his little nephew he began to sing:

**LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND
MR. WICKED WOLF**

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“Hello, hello, how glad I am,
I’m as happy as a clam
At hightide to see you now,
So come in and tell me how
All the folks are getting on
And if you love your Uncle John.”

“Wait till I show you what I’ve got for you.” And then the little bunny opened his knapsack.

“Well, I guess you love your old Uncle,” said Mr. John Hare, as he looked at the precious stones. “To-day’s my birthday. How did you remember?”

For answer the little bunny just hugged his nice old uncle.

POOR LADY LOVE

Parson Crow sat on his tree,
Early one spring morning;
And his voice was hoarse as he said, "Caw, caw."
And he was sleepily yawning.

AND just as Lady Love passed by that wise
old crow opened his little Wisdom Book
and began to read:

"A mossy stone will never roll,
But always stays in the same old hole."

Then he closed his little Wisdom Book
and stroked his beak with his black wings.

"Well, my boy's back from the army,"
said Lady Love proudly, and she took out
of her pocket a little flag and waved it up
and down. And then she took out of an-

other pocket a little silver Liberty Bell and rang it three times, and then she hopped away to the postoffice, for she wanted to send a letter to Aunt Columbia about her little son's discharge.

Well, when she reached the postoffice, the postmistress, the old maid grasshopper I told you about some million stories ago, who had gone to Palm Beach for the winter, looked out of her little stamp window and said,

"Good morning, Lady Love. What can I do for you? Now here's a stamp already damp, and it's red, white and blue."

"What a pretty little stamp," said Lady Love, as she put it on the envelope before dropping her letter in the little crack in the wall.

And then she went down to the Three-in-

one-cent Store to buy a tea kettle. But just as she started away for the Old Bramble Patch, Mr. Wicked Wolf jumped out from behind a tree. And, oh, dear me! If Lady Love hadn't opened her green silk parasol, and held it in front of her, that wicked old wolf would have eaten the carrot flowers right off that little lady rabbit's bonnet.

"Fold up your parasol," said Mr. Wicked Wolf, "or I'll tear it into fourteen different pieces." And, of course, this frightened Lady Love nearly to death, for she was very fond of her green silk parasol, let me tell you.

"If you do," said she, "I'll tell the Bunnyville Regiment and they'll hang you." And when Mr. Wicked Wolf heard that, he ran away as fast as he could.

"Dearie me," said poor frightened Lady

Love, "times are dreadful." And she hurried home as fast as she could hop to put the new tea kettle on to boil for supper.

And if the tea caddy doesn't put golf balls in the new tea pot when Lady Love isn't looking, I'll tell you in the next story about Timmy Meadowmouse.

MR. MERRY SUN

Little Timmy Meadowmouse,
Has a round ball for a house.
It's made of nicely woven grass,
But it hasn't a window pane of glass.

"HELLO," he said, as Little Jack Rabbit stopped to look at a daisy. "How are you this lovely day?"

"I'm going down to the Old Duck Pond to ask Granddaddy Bullfrog something," answered the little rabbit.

"What are you going to ask him?" inquired Timmy Meadowmouse.

"Never mind," replied Little Jack Rabbit, "maybe I'll tell you some day," and away he hopped, and by and by, pretty soon, not so very long, he came to the Old

Duck Pond. And there, sure enough, was Granddaddy Bullfrog sitting on his log, winking and blinking in the sun.

"Good-morning, Granddaddy Bullfrog," said Little Jack Rabbit, "have you had your breakfast?"

"Had my breakfast?" almost shouted the old gentleman frog. "Why, it's almost time for lunch. I guess you've forgotten to set your watch ahead."

"Oh, dear me," said the little rabbit, "I have." So he pulled out his gold watch and chain, the one that dear Uncle John Hare had given him, oh, 'umpty 'leven stories ago, you remember, and then he set it on an hour fast, and after that he looked up at the sky and laughed.

"Now don't get mad, Mr. Merry Sun!"

"Well, I won't get mad," said the jolly

old fellow, "but I'll tell you one thing, I shan't get up any earlier myself. You people can do what you wish, but I've been on time since the world began and I don't propose to be hurried at my age." And then he rolled behind a cloud just to show that he meant what he said.

"Do you think he's angry?" asked the little rabbit.

"Not a bit," answered Granddaddy Bullfrog. "What does he care if the factory whistle blows an hour earlier. He doesn't have to hurry. He gets up in the purple east every day at the same time."

"No, he doesn't," said a voice, and there stood Professor Jim Crow with his little Wisdom Book.

"Let me read you something," and then

the wise old bird turned to page 23 and began:

“The sun in the winter time rises late,
Sometimes it’s sixty minutes to eight;
But when the summer time comes once more,
He often gets up at half-past four.”

And, oh, dear me! This made Granddaddy dreadfully angry.

“You don’t understand what I mean,” he said, and in the next story you shall hear what the old gentleman frog really meant to say.

BOBBIE REDVEST

NOW, let me see where we left off in the last story. Oh, yes; now I remember. Professor Jim Crow had just corrected Granddaddy Bullfrog, who was dreadful angry to think that he had made a mistake in saying the sun got up every morning at the same time. And, just as he was going to say something more, a little tadpole swam up to the log and called out:

“Granddaddy Bullfrog, please take care,
The Miller’s Boy is just over there.
He’ll throw a stone at you, I know,
If you don’t quickly dive below.”

Well, sir, Granddaddy Bullfrog gave one look and then, kerplunk! he dived into the

water. And Professor Jim Crow flew away, and so did Little Jack Rabbit—I mean hopped, for rabbits don't fly—and pretty soon he got into a dreadful scrape. Oh, dear me! I just hate to tell you about it, but I must, for everything the little bunny does I write down, even if I don't see him do it. And do you know how I learn so much about him? I'll tell you. It's because every morning Bobbie Redvest comes to my window and says:

“Wake up, wake up, you lazy man!
And listen to my song.
I saw your little rabbit friend
Play tag the whole day long.”

And then I go to the window and ask him in, and give him some cracker crumbs. And as soon as he has had his breakfast he tells me what to write about. And if he

didn't there would be many days I wouldn't know what Little Jack Rabbit is doing, for I can't run after him in the Shady Forest all the time.

And, now I'm going to tell you about the scrape this dear little rabbit got into. Oh, dear me again! I hope he'll get out of it all right! I told Bobbie Redvest to be around to-morrow bright and early to let me know.

Well, just as Little Jack Rabbit hopped away from the Old Duck Pond he saw the tip of Old Man Weasel's nose from behind a tree, and the tip of Danny Fox's bushy tail behind a rock, and the left ear of Mr. Wicked Wolf from behind a bush. Wasn't that too dreadful for anything? Here were these three enemies of the little rabbit just waiting to catch him.

“Oh, dear, oh, dear!” said the poor little bunny, “I’m a goner now. I know, I know it!” But he didn’t give up hope. Oh, my, no! He just said that to himself, you see. Not to anybody else. And just then he heard Bobbie Redvest sing very softly:

“Under the bush, by your left hind toe,
Is a little trap door that leads below.
Jump back three feet as quick as you can.
And you will be safe, little bunny man!”

THREE OLD RASCALS

Don't stop to ask the reason why,
Nor say "Just a minute!"
But do the thing you're told to do
For all that there is in it!

WELL, you remember what little Bobbie Redvest told the little rabbit to do in the last story—to jump back three feet and hide under the trap door beneath the bush.

Well, sir, in less time than I can take to tell it, he was under the door and hopping down a little stairway. But he didn't forget to bolt the door, and it's mighty lucky he did, for the next minute Old Man Weasel, Mr. Wicked Wolf and Danny Fox ran out from behind the trees and tried to lift up the trap door.

"I'll dig a hole all around it," said Danny Fox, when they found they couldn't get in. So he set to work, and so did Old Man Weasel, while Mr. Wicked Wolf sat down and took out his pipe and smoked. And whenever Danny Fox stopped to wipe the perspiration from his face Mr. Wicked Wolf would say, "Hurry up! The little rabbit will be in China before you get started!"

And whenever Old Man Weasel stopped to wipe a little piece of dirt out of his eye, Mr. Wicked Wolf would say:

"Hurry up, Old Man Weasel. Danny Fox will get in first!"

Well, by and by, after a while, Danny Fox came to the flight of stairs, and maybe a minute or two later, Old Man Weasel got his head inside the hallway, but there

wasn't room for both of them at the same time.

"Get out of here," said Danny Fox, "I saw the little rabbit first."

"I won't!" shouted Old Man Weasel. "I saw him before you did!" And then they started to talk and talk, till at last Mr. Wicked Wolf put his pipe back in his pocket and said:

"You are both wrong. I saw him first." And he took hold of Danny Fox by the tail and dragged him out, and Old Man Weasel, too.

"You two talkers stay here while I go after the little rabbit," said Mr. Wicked Wolf, and he ran down the stairs as fast as he could. But, goodness me! it was dark. And every once in a while he'd knock his head against something, but he kept on just

the same, and pretty soon he saw a little light ahead.

And then, all of a sudden, a voice said:

“What are you doing down here under ground,
You wicked old wolf from the hill,
You haven’t got brains to go in when it rains
If you wake up a man when he’s ill.”

“I don’t know who you are and I didn’t know you were ill,” answered Mr. Wicked Wolf, looking all around to see who was talking. “Who are you, anyway?”

A PRISONER

WELL, before Mr. Wicked Wolf found out who was talking to him as I meant to tell you in the last story, he saw the tip of Little Jack Rabbit's tail. So he didn't stop to find out, but ran down the dark tunnel as fast as he could.

"Oh, dear me," said the little rabbit to himself, "I thought Mr. Mole would keep him for a few minutes till I got away." And then the little rabbit hopped along faster than ever, and I guess Mr. Wicked Wolf would have caught him only the tunnel was so low and so narrow that Mr. Wicked Wolf had to be very careful not to bump his head off.

Well, pretty soon, the little rabbit came

to a door, and when he opened it, he found himself in the Shady Forest. And just then who should come by but the Big Brown Bear.

"Oh, help me, quick!" said Little Jack Rabbit.

"How?" asked the big bear.

"Roll that rock against this door," begged the little rabbit. "Mr. Wicked Wolf is after me."

Then the Big Brown Bear put his shoulder against the rock and rolled it up against the door, and then he sat down and said: "Whew! That was a job!" And I guess it was, for he was all out of breath, for the rock was as large as himself and maybe bigger.

"Let me out! Let me out!" shouted Mr. Wicked Wolf through the keyhole, for he

couldn't even open the door a tiny crack because the bear had rolled the stone up against it as tight as could be.

“You stay in there till the 4th of July,
Away from the sun and the bright blue sky;
And maybe by then you will have grown wise
Enough to wear spectacles over your eyes,”

shouted the Big Brown Bear as he and the little rabbit hopped away. Dear me! Maybe the bear didn't hop, but I was so excited for fear Little Jack Rabbit wouldn't get away that my typewriter picked out the wrong word.

“Gracious me!” said the little rabbit, after a while, and maybe a mile. “I guess I'll telephone to Uncle John Hare and tell him what a narrow escape I've just had!” So he hopped in the Hollow Tree Telephone booth and called up “One, two, three,

Ring Happy Bell, Rabbitville, U. S. A.”
And pretty soon he heard Uncle John Hare
say, “Hello, who is it?”

“It’s me, Little Jack Rabbit,” answered
the little bunny. And then he told the dear
old gentleman rabbit what had happened
and Uncle John Hare got so excited that
he dropped the receiver on his left hind toe
—the one that had the rheumatism in it,
you remember—and this made him say
something which I won’t repeat.

“Come over right away,” he said, after
rubbing his toe three times and a half.

THE RABBITVILLE TROLLEY

Now, I think Little Jack Rabbit would have made Uncle John Hare a call if all of a sudden he hadn't stopped to listen to Bobbie Redvest sing:

"Professor Jim Crow in his little Wisdom Book
Tells how to catch the fishes with a pin hook.
So you, Simple Simon, with your mother's pail,
Listen to Professor Crow if you'd catch a whale."

Perhaps I've made a mistake, or Professor Jim Crow has, for this is not Mother Goose Land.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" asked Little Jack Rabbit as the old crow started to read a lesson on fishing.

"Well, I declare," he answered. "Maybe I'm getting old. I've turned to the wrong place." And then he opened the book at page 23 and read:

"Dingle, dingle, trolley car,
The Motorman is my papa,
And while he shows the greatest care
My mother rings up every fare."

"Ha, ha," laughed Little Jack Rabbit. "The Rabbitville trolley cars have lady bunny conductors," and off he hopped to take a ride, for he had five carrot cents in his knapsack.

Well, just as he reached Rabbitville a trolley car came by, so he held up his striped candy cane and the motorman put on the brakes, and then the little rabbit hopped on board and the lady bunny conductor rang the bell three times and a half

and away they went to Bunnybridge, just over Clover River.

"Hello!" said a voice as the little rabbit sat down, and there in the middle of the car sat Squirrel Nutcracker. He was reading the Chestnut Times and laughing over Miss Hazel Nut's jokes.

"Come over and sit by me," said Old Squire Nutcracker. "Here's something about your Uncle." And then he started to read:

"Mr. John Hare has just repainted his house on the corner of Carrot Avenue and Cabbage Square. He says he must have his house nice and white so he can see it late at night."

And then Squirrel Nutcracker laughed some more, and he laughed so hard that a hickory nut rolled out of his coat pocket

and fell on the lady conductor's little toe and made her dreadfully angry, for she thought Little Jack Rabbit had shot the nut out of his little popgun, you know.

And just then the trolley bell began to ring like everything. Maybe there was some one on the track.

FARMER DADDY LONGLEGS

NOW, let me see where we left off in the last story. Oh, yes, I remember now. It was just as the trolley car bell rang on the way to Bunnybridge.

“What’s the matter?” asked Squirrel Nutcracker, for the car stopped so suddenly that his hat came off. And then they heard the motorman, who was a billy goat, say:

“Why don’t you get out of the way
With your cracky old wagon of hay,
Why don’t you look back
When you’re on the track,
And not keep me waiting all day.”

And who do you suppose was driving the load of hay? Why, it was Old Farmer

Daddy Longlegs. He was sitting on top and saying giddap to a pair of little field mice.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Motorman," answered Farmer Daddy Longlegs. "Just wait a minute and I'll get off the track."

And then he turned the little mice to the right, and when the trolley car went by it pulled off some of the hay and it fell into the open window and covered Mrs. Duck's new bonnet, with the yellow roses on it.

"I'll make a wish, for every time you pass a load of hay you must make a wish, you know, and if you don't tell anybody it will surely come true," she said with a quack.

Well, by and by, after a while, they came to Clover River, and as the trolley car couldn't swim it went over the bridge, and in less than five hundred short seconds it

stopped in Bunnybridge, on the corner of Cookey Street and Cocoanut Avenue.

"Last stop. All out," shouted the billy goat conductor, so all the passengers left by the front door, for there was a big sign in the car which said:

"Have your nickel ready
When you board the car,
Get off at the front door,
No matter where you are."

But, oh, dear me. Just as Little Jack Rabbit hopped to the sidewalk a deep, growly voice said:

"What are you doing over here,
So far from the Bramble Patch?
If I were hungry I'd eat you up
As quick as I'd strike a match."

"Oh, please don't," cried the little rabbit.

"Please, Mr. Wicked Wolf, let me go just this once." And unless Mr. Wicked Wolf gets dreadfully hungry all of a sudden, you shall hear what happened after that.

Mr. Wolf carries a big gunny sack
Over his shoulder and down his back.
Whenever he catches a squirrel or hare,
He drops him into his sack with care,
And then he says with a terrible grin,
"I'll eat you up before you get thin!"

ACORN COTTAGE

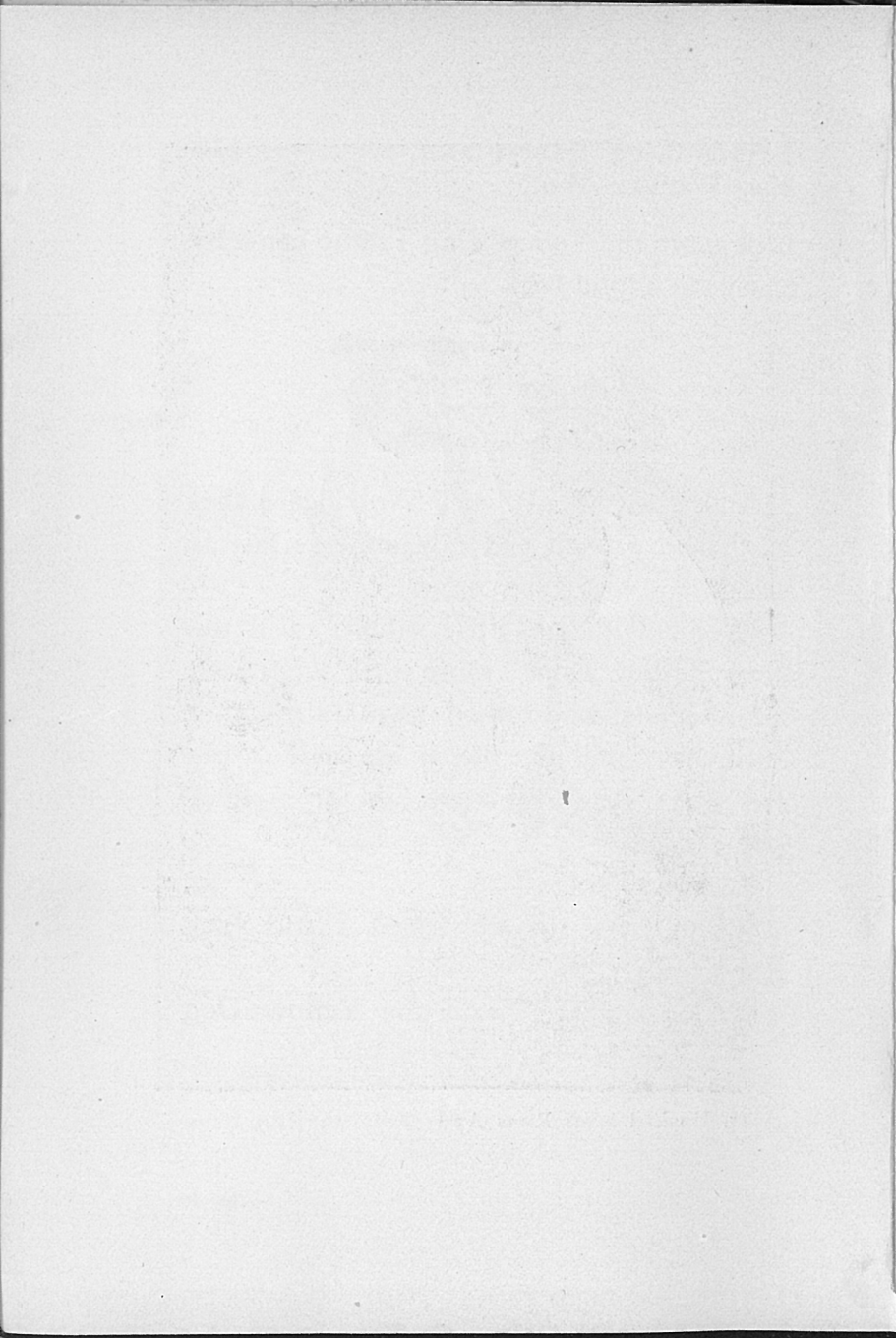
Mr. Wicked Wolf has a dreadful grin;
His teeth are bright and shiny like a piece of tin;
And wouldn't you be frightened if he should say to you;
"I'll eat you up before you count one billion twenty-
two"?

WELL, that's what Mr. Wicked Wolf said just as I finished the story before this, and I would have added a P. S. and told you, only I was afraid you'd stay awake all night wondering how the little rabbit would ever get away. But never mind. I won't let that dreadful wolf hurt him, not if I have to get a gun and go after him myself.

Well, the little rabbit began to count just as fast as he could, and just as he reached nine thousand nine hundred and maybe a



Mr. Wicked Wolf Runs Away From the Dog Tramp.
Little Jack Rabbit and Mr. Wicked Wolf.



little more the Yellow Dog Tramp came by
and gave a loud bark:

“Don’t hurt my bunny friend;
Get out of here, I say.
It’s safer far for you to be
A million miles away.”

And when Mr. Wicked Wolf heard that
he turned around and ran home as fast as
he could, and maybe faster.

“Come with me, little rabbit,” said the
kind Yellow Dog Tramp. So they went
into the wood and turned down a little path
until they came to a tiny house under a big
oak tree. And right over the front door
was a sign:

“Acorn Cottage.”

“Who lives there?” asked Little Jack
Rabbit.

“Wait and see,” said the Yellow Dog

Tramp, and then he knocked three times and pretty soon a little Green Snake opened the door. She had on a little pink bonnet and a white apron and on the end of her tail was a pretty gold watch.

“What do you want?” she asked, for she was a very timid little snake, let me tell you, and was dreadfully afraid of tramps and burglars.

“My little rabbit friend would like to find his fortune,” said the Yellow Dog Tramp, “and I hear you are very wise and know how to tell fortunes better than a gypsy. So please tell my little bunny friend where his fortune is.”

“Come in,” said the little Green Snake. So Little Jack Rabbit and the Yellow Dog Tramp went into the little house, and pretty soon she told Little Jack Rabbit to sit down.

“You have two Liberty Bonds and three War Saving Stamps,” she said, after she had looked at the lines in his little paw, “and in three days and a half you will find a bright penny under a stone on the Shady Forest Trail. That will be the beginning of your fortune.” And then she coiled herself up and began to sway back and forth, and in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

JENNY WREN'S PENNY

YOU remember in the last story as the little Green Snake coiled herself in a ring and swayed back and forth, she began to sing:

“Under a stone on the Forest Trail
Close to the home of a little black snail,
Is a bright new penny, so stop to-day
And pick it up on your homeward way.”

“I will,” said Little Jack Rabbit, and then he and Yellow Dog Tramp set out, and by and by they saw a little stone just ahead of them. And close beside it was a black snail in her little house which she always carries around with her, rain or shine.

“Hurrah,” cried the little rabbit, “now I

will find my fortune," and he pushed aside the stone and was just going to pick up the bright penny when a voice said:

"Don't you touch that penny,
For it belongs to Jenny,
To pretty little Jenny Wren
Who lives down in the shady glen."

"Oh, dear me," sighed Little Jack Rabbit, "I thought I could take it."

"Who are you?" asked the Yellow Dog Tramp, looking all around to see who had spoken, but there was no one in sight. And just then, all of a sudden, out jumped Chippy Chipmunk in his little striped jacket. "That penny belongs to Jenny Wren. She lost it this morning."

"Then why don't you take it to her?" said the Yellow Dog Tramp.

"I'm keeping watch till she comes back,"

answered Chippy Chipmunk. "I don't know where she went." And then the little chipmunk laughed and picked up a nut and stuffed it into the little pocket in his left cheek.

"Well, there's no use waiting here," said Little Jack Rabbit. "I must get back to the Old Bramble Patch before sundown or mother will worry." And off he started, lipperty lip, clipperty clip, but just then who should come by but little Jenny Wren herself. She wasn't flying. Oh, my, no. She was walking slowly over the ground and looked here and there and everywhere.

"Did you see a bright penny?" she asked.

"It's by that stone," said Little Jack Rabbit. "Close by the snail in her little shell house."

So Jenny Wren hopped over to the stone
and picked up her lost penny, and if she
doesn't spend it for a lemon lollypop I'll
tell you what happened after that.

A lollypop's a lovely thing,
Just like a flower in the spring.
It grows upon the Lolly Tree
Beside the winding river Dee.

HUNGRY HAWK

"I MUST leave now," said the Yellow Dog Tramp, who, you remember in the last story, had found the lost penny for little Jenny Wren.

"Come and see me soon again,
If it doesn't chance to rain,"

said Little Jack Rabbit, as he watched his good friend run away.

Well, after that, the little bunny hopped along, and by and by he saw Timmy Meadowmouse near his little house in the Sunny Meadow. And if you've forgotten what Timmy Meadowmouse's house looks like I'll tell you. It's like a little ball, made out of grass, woven together on the top of

two or three stiff stalks of meadow grass.

"Hello, Timmy Meadowmouse. What are you doing?"

"Keeping a lookout for Hungry Hawk," he answered. "It was only a few minutes ago he flew by, way up in the sky. Oh, ever so high. But I don't want to be caught in his cruel claws," and the little meadowmouse shivered at the thought.

"Neither do I," said Little Jack Rabbit. "I won't wait, but hurry home to the Old Bramble Patch." And it was a good thing he did, for just then Hungry Hawk came sailing by and if he had seen the little rabbit maybe he would have stooped down and caught him then and there and maybe some other place.

"What has kept you so late?" asked Lady Love as her little bunny son hopped up

the garden walk to the kitchen door, where the good lady bunny stood shading her eyes with her left hind paw. She said nothing when she learned how he had almost been caught by Mr. Wicked Wolf and that the Yellow Dog Tramp had come by just in time. But when he said he had found a penny, she exclaimed: "Where is it?"

"Oh, dear," answered the little rabbit, "it belonged to Jenny Wren. She lost it this morning, so I had to give it to her."

And just then the telephone rang.

"Hello," said Little Jack Rabbit. "Is it you?"

"It surely is," said the old gentleman rabbit. "What do you suppose is the matter?" But Little Jack Rabbit couldn't guess, and I don't believe you can, so I'll tell you right away.

“My Sonora won’t stop singing,” said the old gentleman rabbit, “and the three grasshoppers and the black cricket on the hearth can’t sleep. So what shall I do?”

“Call in the Old Red Rooster. He used to work in a talking machine factory before he came to you.”

And that’s just what Uncle John Hare did, and the next day he came over in his Bunnymobile and took Little Jack Rabbit out for a long drive.

CANDY CATS AND CHOCOLATE MICE

AFTER the Old Red Rooster had repaired the Sonora, he went back to the barn to dust off the cobwebs. But, oh, dear me! All of a sudden, he brushed down a little black spider who had her web in the northeast corner.

“You’re a very mean rooster to pull down my web,
For now I must spin me another,
If things must be clean you’ve no right to be mean,
I’ve a notion to tell your good mother.”

“Please don’t,” begged the Old Red Rooster. “She’s a very old hen and it might worry her so she couldn’t lay an egg.”

Just then Little Jack Rabbit and Uncle John Hare drove up in the Bunnymobile, so

the little black spider began to spin a new web and the Old Red Rooster commenced to dust off the top of the buggy.

“Well, here we are, home again,” said the old gentleman rabbit, and he took off his old wedding stovepipe hat and wiped his forehead with his blue silk polkadot handkerchief, and after that he looked at his gold watch and chain and fixed the diamond horseshoe pin in his red necktie. You see, there was a little old broken mirror which he kept in the barn so that in case his stovepipe hat wasn’t on straight he could fix it before going out automobiling.

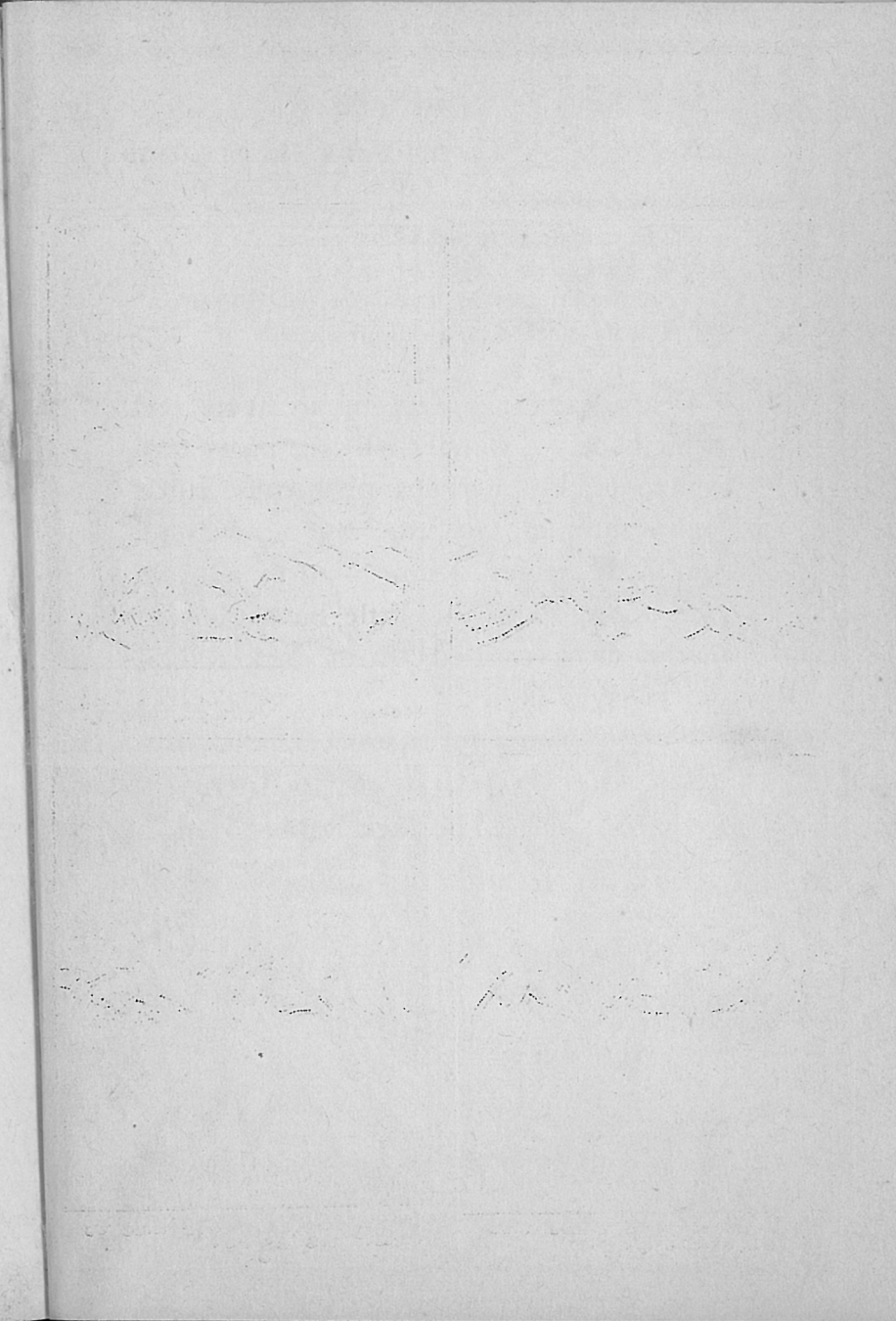
As soon as the Bunnymobile was safe in the garage he and Little Jack Rabbit went into the house and wound up the graphophone. And this is the song it sang:

"The candy cat ate a chocolate mouse,
O dearie, dearie me.
And the little toy dog chased the little toy cat,
Till she climbed up a cinnamon tree."

Dear, dear me! Here we are at the end of the book. I wonder why the pages turn over so quickly; perhaps it is because Little Jack Rabbit hops so fast. But never mind, dear little reader, I am going to tell you some more about this little bunny boy in another book entitled "Little Jack Rabbit and Hungry Hawk."

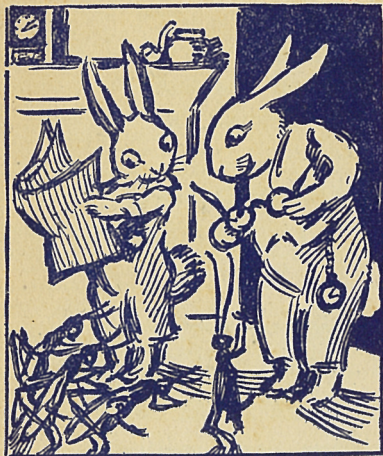
Yours for a story,

DAVID CORY,
The Jack Rabbit Man.





SOME PICTURES OF TRAVELS AND



The three Little grasshoppers bowed to Uncle Lucky.



Cocky Doodles and Henry Benny take a walk.



"Hold up Yours" Said the Policeman Dog.



Mr Wicked Wolf had to shut his eyes.

LITTLE JACK RABBIT'S ADVENTURES



"I saw little Jack Rabbit last night, my dear," said the fox.



This made Mrs. Cow laugh.



"Goodness me! Where has that little bunny gone," he said.



The little rabbit said goodbye.

